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Magdalene's Flower Emporium



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Chapter 1 by Rachael

Dylkshire was an old-fashioned albeit busy town in the North of England, the most exciting event that had happened there in the last 20 years was a member of the community, Lucy Hereford, who had made it to the semi-finals on Britains got talent. She never returned after that. Those that had lived in Dylkshire all their lives felt a strong, almost nationalistic alignment with the dreary town. Meanwhile, the younger generations stared dreamily out of their windows to the main motorway in hopes of one day making it out like Lucy did. She was the closest thing to an inspirational role-model in the town.

Needless to say, Dylkshire was a terminally boring town. It had one row of shops which included: Herons, Greggs, a small Sainsburys, a charity shop and a 39p card shop which didn't sell any cards cheaper than £1. There was one Primary school and one Secondary school, the nearest college was another five miles away and there was no gym or swimming pool. There was, however, a very large library known as the 'Pride of Dylkshire' due to it containing the largest collection of equestrian literature in the whole of the UK.

This story is not about the events of a conservative and mundane town, but rather the exciting

and magical events that laid beneath the surface, constantly bubbling, brewing up to a boiling point which led to the great Dylkshire Disaster of 2012. These events led to the revelation of the world of sorcery to mortals as well as the rise and fall of those with magical properties to the forefront of political conflict. In the first book, the story moves to dreary Dylkshire, a woman named Magdalene Masters and her friend Sierra Constantine.

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Dawn was just beginning to crack in the sleepy town. Already, cars and buses bustled as unenthusiastically as the people inside them. A soft mist had settled over everything, giving a hazy, white-washed look to the infrastructure. Shops were beginning to open, the heavy metal shutters were being lifted from the floors, stock was being set up for sale and the smell of coffee wafted through the air. This was a time of morning shared by very few, the laborers and backbones of society. School children still slept in their beds, most were just waking and turning on their televisions or brewing their first tea for the day.

Magdalene Masters was neither a laborer nor school child. She was a tall yet impossibly elegant woman, standing at 6ft with broad hips and broad shoulders. Mag's stature and dark skin tone made her stick out amongst the town's usual light-skinned and petite demographic, bringing a beauty to the town that most conservative members of the community were not accustomed to. Naturally her hair was thick and curly, but Magdalene made the decision to straighten it and slick it back into a thick, black pony-tail which draped to just above her shoulders. She wore just a hint of make-up. Some mascara to accentuate her wide brown eyes, bronze highlight on her cheeks to bring out her remarkably sharp cheekbones and a light rouge on her lips to plump them up further. By all standards, she was a very pretty and graceful woman, with almost bewitching good looks.

"Let's get this place opened for business," She stated to her friend with a slight smile as she turned the sign on the door from closed to open. Magdalene's Flower Emporium was a new and rather exciting addition to Dylkshire's lacking retail scene. It stood between the Primary School and the Sainsbury's, converted from an old cottage house with a well in the back. The shop itself was only one floor, but quite decent in size- with a multitude of flowers pouring out from displays on every wall and table. It had that typical florist smell; a mixture of grass, pollen, and mud. Her friend Sierra stood behind the counter, the less sociable of the two. Less sociable because she was in fact, mute.

Sierra was the polar opposite of her counterpart Magdalene. She was petite, standing at around five and a half feet with white skin that seemed to emit its own light. Sierra stood out for

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constantly wore on her neck, almost as if it were some sort of collar that bound her to her employer. It was littered with tiny diamonds, much too expensive for a florist's assistant.

"It won't be long now... I'm pretty sure a florists would do well in this town." Magdalene said, rearranging some flowers in the window with meticulous care. "I know it's a lot different than what we're used to but I'm sure we'll grow to love this place as a home." Mags turned and give Sierra a smile. In return, she received the same blank stare she always did from the ever vacant eyes of her prisoner. Shaking her head, the almost defeated Mags tried to give her most sympathetic and reassuring look at her friend as she approached the counter.

"I promised to free you, I know. I believe you've atoned for your crimes no matter how horrendous... And we were so close." Mag's eyes searched Sierra's for some kind of response but instead received a turned cheek. Magdalenes eyes shot down as she recalled the events of a few weeks ago. "I thought that it would work, I really did. The inscriptions in that book seemed so promising. How was I supposed to know it would lengthen you sentence? I don't read Necromantic, I'm a witch I read symbols and enchantments." Magdalene's hand reached out and touched the choker around Sierra's neck when her fingers grazed the stones they resonated and flashed red for a second. When she touched them, it allowed Sierra to speak.

"I'm tired of being called your guard dog. Until you find a way to free me and restore my full power I will fight for you no more." After that, she backed away from the witch and retreated to the back of the shop. Magdelene sighed and turned around as she heard the rush of school children going past her shop on their way to lessons that day.

"Fine! Pout! Someone is slowly losing their nomination for employee of the month!" Magdalene shouted to her accidental prisoner at the back of the shop in a joking manner. With a defeated sigh, she took her seat behind the counter and watched as the first prospective customers gawked at the display flowers in the shop window. "Come on, come in. I know you like those flowers... Yeah, you're pointing at those lily's I know that you want them." Magdalene muttered her own commentary to herself as she eagerly awaited a person's entrance into her shop. When a hand was pressed on the door and the bell rang to indicate their entrance, Magdalene smiled

to herself and whispered under her breath "hello!"

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Sierra had on her possession one of these enchanted items, a clairvoyant and precognitive I-Pod that could predict events in the future by giving hints through the songs it randomly selected.

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